Daily Eagle

ALL ABOUT THE BEAU.

HOW HE DIFFERS FROM OTHER ADMIRERS OF THE FAIR SEX.

Lovers, Admirers, Adorers, Comrades, None of These Are Beaux—Girls Often Mistake Beaux for Lovers, but Women Value Them as They Do Novels or a Comedy.

My mother used to talk about my beaux, and perhaps for her sake I am fond of the quaint, old fashioned word. But let me say in the beginning that it has a distinct meaning of its own, and should not be misapplied. Hood says:

I remember, I remember,
When my little lovers came,
With a posy or a cherry,
Or some new invented game.

Well, he does not mean lovers at all, he means beaux.

One may have a beau, a lover, an admirer, an adorer or a comrade, but seldom may combine two of these in one individual, and never all five in any one epoch of her life. For the beau is a special attribute of girlhood, and seldom develops the exacting tenderness of the lover, the blind delusions of the admirer, the infatuation of the adorer or the honest sympathy and helpfulness of the comrade, who, however, does often develop camaraderie into friendship—perhaps after all the most satisfying relationship between man and woman.

WHAT IS A BEAU?

But the beau! The beau! What is he? Who is he? What is his origin, habitat, sphere of action?

Let us describe him first by negatives. He need not be young—in fact, "an old beau" is a well known character in fiction, drama and real life.

He need not be handsome, although he invariably thinks he is.

He need not be intellectual or learned—in fact, I never knew a beau who was either, although I have known some men of whom other men said: "He isn't half such a fool as he looks."

He need not be brave, for nobody expects courage or leadership from him. Nor need he be a business man, for he is usually found spending the money his father or somebody else has accumulated for him. In fact, the beau reduced to poverty and real work is the most forlorn of objects, reminding one of a performing canary bird or an industrious flea, or a poor, little trained poodle, or any other helpless and harmless little animal coerced into unnatural labor and foreign pursuits.

Not that I mean to speak severely of the beau, for I don't; in fact, I like him and value him and should be really sorry to miss him out of the world, but he has his limitations, poor dear, like the rest of us, and one hates to see him pushed up to the wall that defines those limits.

Moreover, there is a positive as well as a negative formula in the recipe for a beau. He must be good natured, and always ready, if not with a smile at least with a simper; he must be quick at repartee, even though a mild one; he must have a good memory and a certain adhesiveness of touch which will enable him to pick up the floating gossamer threads of society talk and carry them to just the right quarter for repetition. He must never forget anybody's connections, relationships, friendships and enmities, and never by any chance step upon anybody's toes or anybody's remotest frills. He must discover and keep the narrow path between harmless gossip and perilous scandal, and while always having something interesting to say never say anything that could be repeated to his own or anybody else's detriment. He must be sentimental to the extent of remembering the favorite flowers, colors and perfumes of the lady to whom he is for the moment attentive, and making graceful little offerings in harmony with those tastes. He must have sufficient tact to be always where he is wanted, and to skillfully efface himself in the presence of a lover or a favored admirer or adorer; for one of the peculiarities of the beau is that he has his season, like the mushroom, and is not at all acceptable out of it.

THE ADORER AND THE BEAU.

But, even as one will sometimes capriciously prefer salted, dried or pickled mushrooms to fresh and tender vegetables, there will be intervals in life—perhaps to its very end—when one turns from a grande passion, from the pedestal whereon one's adorer places one, even from the solid satisfaction of a comrade's honest sympathy, and finds a whimsical pleasure in the conversation, the compliments, the chit chat of a beau, and finds the same rest and refreshment in his society as in that of the last fashionable novel or the lightest of society comedies.

We have spoken of the beau as an adjunct of early girlhood, because it is only an ingenue who can be long content in the society of a beau or who expects anything serious of him or dignifies him into an ideal. Young girls never classify the men who surround them on their entrance into society; they are all heroes of romance; they all are possible lovers and husbands, and the beau, being the most obvious and the most demonstrative figure in this new world, is often pitched upon by the debutante as her ideal, and she is sometimes a good deal disappointed in finding how wofully too small he is for the "giant's robe" she fain would fit upon his shoulders.

Occasionally the girl is herself a female beau; not a belle, for that is quite another thing, but a trifler, a butterfly, an ephemeron—a personality answering precisely to that of the beau. In such a case the two become, not friends, for to be a friend requires characteristics neither of them possess, but familiar acquaintances, even comrades in a certain sense, and they spend a great many idle hours together in just the way one sees a couple of butterflies hovering and dancing over a sunny pool or a bed of mignonette, happy while the fine weather lasts, beaten down and lost in the first wind of adversity.

Let me implore all my female friends to be more precise in their classification of their male acquaintance, for it is really a grief to hear a tender, romantic, Browningesque adorer spoken of as the "beau" of her idol, or to have one's solid, practical, congenial comrade dubbed by so trifling a name, or to insult the sweet illusions and lofty ideals of a pair of lovers by calling Romeo the beau of Juliet. Mercutio was a beau, if you please, and died with a jest upon his lips, but one cannot imagine him in Romeo's place. No, my dear girls, don't be slipshod in your nomenclature, and although you may be surrounded with beaus, don't fancy that all lovers, or even sincere admirers, for your true beau admires nobody very much except himself, although a part of his profession is to assume the part of an admirer, not to you only but to the other dear five hundred toward whom he will flutter in the course of an evening.

Don't tell him that you don't believe a word he says, and don't try to get upon solid ground with him and find out how far he is really sincere, for he does not know himself, and it is bad taste and bad policy to force any man to a confession of ignorance, even to himself. Nor can we break butterflies on the wheel, or build houses of soap bubbles; so be content to take the beau as a beau, and value him for his real uses and merits, which are not to be despised.—Mrs. Frank Leslie in New York Herald.

Sat Down Upon.

Briefly (at the picnic)—Yes, I am a determined man. When I have anything against a person I just sit down on him.

Miss Hauteur (meaningly)—What could you have had against the blueberry pie, Mr. Briefly?

And the young man backed out from the madding crowd, and the sound of kicking could be heard for twenty minutes.—Lawrence American.

WHEN THE DOG STAR SHINES.

The Only Way in Which Hydrophobia Can Be Wholly Stamped Out.

As soon as that very bright star, which adorns the sky like a miniature moon, begins to shine with unusual brilliancy, the hue and cry against the mad dog begins. The dog star is raging, and every dog which happens to be out of breath or which wears a hungry look, is regarded with suspicious alarm. Hydrophobia is in every one's mind. The small boy is seen daily dragging curs through the streets in the direction of the pound. The policeman's revolver is ever ready for the cry of mad dog. People who own dogs are looked upon by their dogless neighbors as little less than public calamities.

The causes for all this alarm are to be found in the fearful nature of the disease, which is inoculated with the virus of a rabid dog, and in the vague and uncertain ideas of this disease which exist in the minds of even the most learned physicians. Some doctors say there is no such thing as hydrophobia. Others insist that there is actually such a disease, and that it is absolutely incurable.

However this may be, all agree that many persons bitten by a dog which reveals the symptoms of what is called rabies, die deaths of horrible agony—deaths which begin with a vague fear of all movements and sounds, which continue in the appearance of spasms of a violent nature, and which end in frightful agonies. Whether it is only fear of a myth which kills, or whether it be an actual dream, the result is there.

There is one great fallacy in connection with the disease—one which is prevalent among all classes of people. It is thought that dogs only go mad in the hot months. This is untrue. Rabies is common among the wild dogs which course the bleak and steppe plains of Russia, as well as any dogs which are brought under the influence of great heat. Madness is liable to appear among dogs at any season of the year and in any place.

Another fallacy is that hydrophobia can be cured. M. Pasteur, the now admittedly greatest student of the disease, states positively that it cannot be cured. Prevention is the only thing which he attempts. He tries to check the disease before it has fairly gripped the victim—while the poison yet lies latent, and not after it has strongly and vigorously manifested itself.

Prevention then is the thing to be discussed and the only thing. This is a broad subject and involves arresting the disease in its incipiency or preventing rabid dogs from getting a chance at human beings.

From what has been said then it is clearly folly to muzzle a dog for a few weeks during hot weather and allow him to go free during the rest of the year. Shutting them up in pounds during the summer season is equally absurd. Neither of these methods reach the root of the matter.

In European countries there is and has been far more trouble with rabies and its results than in the United States. But now scarcely a municipality in the United States neglects to take precautions of a more or less effective kind.

In Europe, however, the thing has been reduced to a system. There the endeavor is to prevent rabid dogs from having a chance to bite. In the grand duchy of Baden special attention is paid to the symptoms of madness in dogs. All dogs are required to wear a collar bearing their owner's name and address. Owners must make known to the authorities any appearance of the peculiar symptoms of madness, so that a veterinary surgeon may examine at once. So well have these precautions ruled there that rabies is almost unknown.

The authorities at Vienna publish the symptoms of rabies and require owners to report the appearance of any of the symptoms in their dogs under penalty of heavy fine. A dog must wear the name and address of the owner, and if found without it he must pay a fine. During the prevalence of an epidemic of rabies, as in 1887, dogs were only allowed in the streets muzzled and led. While cures of rabies are not unknown in Vienna, cures of hydrophobia are rare indeed.

Sweden was formerly affiliated with hydrophobia, 188 deaths from it being reported in one year. Now all dogs are muzzled, and rabies a thing of the past.

Prussia has found it impossible to prevent rabies because of the influx of rabid dogs from Russia and Poland. These foreign dogs bite the home animals and infect them. But hydrophobia is almost entirely prevented by the order requiring the muzzling of all dogs.

To cure a bitten man is beginning too late in the case. The thing is to prevent dogs from biting. That this can be done is shown by the experience of the countries above mentioned. That it is better to do this than to attempt to prevent the disease after the bite has been inflicted appeals to the common sense.

As soon as rabies assumes a threatening form all dogs should be isolated as far as possible. Owners who wish to take their dogs into the streets should be required to muzzle them. The wandering cur nuisance should be stamped upon and crushed out of existence. Stray and ownerless dogs should be killed as rapidly as possible.

Furthermore, at any time of the year, any animal bitten by a rabid dog should be destroyed at once. To wait to see whether the disease is there or not is an endless task. It often does not manifest itself for years—long after the wound has healed up. The only safe way is to put the suspected animal out of the way.

By the passage of a few proper police regulations all the scare and actual danger could be avoided. This done, there will be time enough left for doctors to decide upon the nature of hydrophobia, if there is such a disease, or upon the causes of the unknown disease which is too singular to be classed merely under the head of nervousness.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Some Author's Full Names.

Seeing Bret Harte's name on the title page of his latest book the other day recalled to me how general had become the habit with authors of dropping one of their surnames. How odd Francis Bret Harte sounds, for example, yet such is the author's baptismal name. Bayard Taylor's first name was James; only a few others than Wilkie Collins' intimate friends, I imagine, know that his name is really William Wilkie Collins, and so is the case with many others. Austin Dobson was Henry Austin Dobson before he took up literature, and Edmund William Gosse is today known only to the world by his first and last names. "Henry R. Haggard" sounds strange to thousands of ears who know "Rider Haggard." Brander Matthews was christened James Brander Matthews, and Duffield Osborne is in reality Samuel Duffield Osborne. Laurence Hutton is a contraction of James Laurence Hutton, and Howard Seeley is Edward Howard Seeley, Jr. Frank Stockton is really Francis Richard Stockton, while Joaquin Miller is a corruption of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. The principal reason for this contraction of names, I imagine, is that one surname is undoubtedly more striking and easier remembered by the public than two.—Bok's Literary Leaves.

A Letter for Ruskin.

A letter intended for Ruskin has just ended some remarkable travels. It was posted in Leith on Nov. 21, 1887, with this address: "The Learned Mr. Ruskin, the Famous Author, England." Then from Edinburgh it was forwarded to Kendal, and there Mr. Ruskin had never been heard of. The Kendal postmaster tried London, and there it was thought that Mr. Ruskin lived at Rye lane, Peckham. From office to office the letter went in the southeast and south districts of London, but all to no purpose, and it then occurred to the postoffice that Ruskin might be a neighbor of Joseph Chamberlain, but from Birmingham it went to Carlisle. From there it was again sent to Edinburgh, and this time a happy thought occurred. The Edinburgh postmaster wrote on it: "Christ Church college, Oxford," and the postal authorities there knew the correct address to be Brantwood.—Chicago Herald.

THEATRICAL SCENERY.

ON THE PAINT BRIDGE OF A LEADING NEW YORK THEATRE.

How Scenes Are Painted and What the Painters Earn — Accomplished Artists Who Devote Their Talents to the Stage. An Important Feature of Stagecraft.

Not long ago I stood in the dimness and shadows of the interior of one of our big theatres gazing far into the upper realms of space above the stage. The scenic painter was at work, and the platform upon which he stood and changed blank canvas into speaking pictures swung and creaked above the tops of the scenery. How I reached that platform, after climbing up ladders and walking along an apparently perilous way, would almost frighten me, even now, to describe. Finally, however, I reached the artist and made known my errand.

"Give you some points about scene painting?" he repeated after me. "Certainly I will, and gladly; be seated, and tell me where to begin."

"At the beginning," I answered, and with brush in hand, he commenced:

GETTING THINGS TO FIT.

"Today when a manager has decided upon a play and its production, the first person to whom he has recourse is the scenic artist. If he is wise in his generation he holds consultation with him long before any announcement of the play is made public, and together they advise upon the character of the play to be presented, the location of scene in which the action is supposed to take place, the period in which the events happen, the hour of the day or night at which they occur, and the time and expense that will probably be required to do justice to the undertaking.

"Most scenic artists have a fine pictorial library, and from these pictures, in the collection of which we often expend much time and money, I find landscapes, exteriors and interiors that befit the play and period, and submit them to the approval of the manager. When together we decide upon such as are most suitable. I have a model of the scene made to a scale, and color the miniature model to an exact fac-simile that the large scene will present when finished. The dimensions being given to the stage carpenter, he purchases the lumber and other material and constructs the scene to the size required, and when completed places the scene in this paint frame, which is, you see, a mechanical contrivance constructed usually against the rear or side wall of the theatre, and suspended by ropes leading to a windlass in the fly gallery.

"See, here is the fly gallery," he continued, indicating a wooden platform elevated considerably above the stage on either side of it, "and from this are worked the sky borders and the ceilings used in a play." I observed that the paint frames, one of which was suspended on each side of us, could be raised or lowered, as the artist required to suit his convenience as his work advanced.

"This floor upon which we stand is a platform which is termed a 'paint bridge,' and it is one of the most commodious I have ever seen, having all the space and conveniences needed to accommodate the paraphernalia used in the execution of the work. Standing upon this we paint the scenes hanging in the paint frames.

"The canvas you see is a strong, heavy material called Russian linen, and before painting is begun upon it my assistant carefully and thoroughly wets it all over with a size composed of whiting, glue, alum and water. This process is called priming. When this is done I sketch in the outlines of my scene, which may be either landscape, architectural exterior or interior, and it is ready for the colors to be applied."

"Isn't this called painting in distemper?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "Many people who are not familiar with scene painting ask me if it isn't done in oil. Now, on the contrary, not a drop of oil is used; in the first place, it would increase the weight of the scenes and make them more difficult to handle, and, moreover, greatly increase the danger in case of fire, against which in these days we take every precaution in theatres. Now let me show you my palette."

I started, but he did not open his mouth further than to utter the remark, and pointed instead to a solidly built table, about five or six feet long, mounted on castors, which allowed it to be moved to any part of the bridge most convenient to his work. I noticed it was fitted with compartments to contain the necessary colors, and that the brushes lying near were of all sizes, flat and round, varying from fine to others of several inches width.

JUDGMENT AND SKILL.

"What kind of colors are these you use?" I asked, pointing to the little mounds of paints that occupied the divisions on the palette table.

"They are powdered colors of the best quality, and mixed with glue and water," he answered, taking the brush he held in his hand, deftly applying it to the canvas in front of us. He worked rapidly and surprised me by the handsome and striking effects he produced with a few quick but well considered strokes. Experience, judgment and skill were needed, I saw, in placing the colors upon the canvas, as being applied wet they looked several shades darker than they appeared on the adjacent work, which had dried.

Turning again toward me he resumed the conversation, saying: "Now, when I have finished the painting of this scene, it will be lowered in the paint frame to the stage, where the carpenter again takes it in hand, fastens it together and sets it up to be inspected and approved by the management."

"Is the production of elaborate scenery a very modern idea?"

"Well, it's only within the last thirty years, I should think, that so much time and thought have been spent upon the subject. Managers now appreciate the value of elaborate scenery. It forms today a most important feature of stagecraft, and it cannot be denied that the foremost players recognize the importance of pictorial setting, and for the most part are willing and desirous to subordinate their abilities and benefit by the assistance of a grand spectacular display. I suppose the London pantomimes, which employ the highest artistic talent available, are unrivaled exhibitions of scenic art."

The majority of scene painters in our time are accomplished artists in oil and water colors, and specimens of their talent are to be observed in the Academy exhibitions every season. Many scenic artists, finding the physical labor and mental anxiety of the work making inroads on their health, abandon this branch of their vocation and find success in landscape, marine or portrait painting.

Scene painting is not an unprofitable vocation. The weekly earnings of skillful artists range from $100 to $300, and most of them may, if they choose, continue their labors through every week of the year.—Grace Conroy in New York Star.

Interesting Relics.

Among the original documents preserved in the interior department at Washington, the most interesting are the relics of 1790, about twenty-five of which, averaging about the size of an encyclopedia, are safely stored where lock and key protect them from the casual visitor. The most striking feature of these books is the remarkably legible writing with which the founders of the republic recorded the name of every head of a household in the United States. The census takers of that period did not use printed forms on which to tabulate this information, but ruled blankbooks for the work, and in many cases made the books from blank paper, which they bound by inclosing within old covers of books the leaves of which had been cut out. However crudely these books are shown to be made, there is not one instance in which careless work can be charged, and in no case was there any slovenliness of penmanship.—Chicago Tribune.

Molasses Tasters.

The professional molasses taster is a martyr. Imagine a man having to sample twenty-five or thirty grades of that sirup and then try to eat a square meal. He can't eat a square meal, you will say. Oh, yes he can, is the reply. To be sure he tastes of thirty kinds of molasses in one day, but he does not swallow a particle, at least not more than a particle. This requires practice, this abstinence from swallowing, and is the great difficulty in the beginner's path. He must protect his teeth, too, and therefore his masticators require careful cleansing, not alone to prevent decay, but in order to keep his gustatory sense perfectly neutral.

"I have been a molasses taster for several years," said a Boston man, "and I assure you mine is no easy job. There is a strain that the occupation imposes, and one that many succumb to, and therefore quit the business. The tongue, being very sensitive, requires great care, and therefore I feel it best not to use tobacco, sweetmeats or highly seasoned food. Doctors tell me that sugar of itself does not injure the teeth, but that after remaining on them for some time undergoes a chemical change from the saliva and food, and that the chemical result is corrosive.

"Whether that is so or no I know that my teeth have suffered from this business, although I take extraordinary care. The difference in taste between some grades of molasses is so slight that the tongue must be in a perfectly neutral condition in order to be an accurate guide. But not only must the tongue be cared for, but mouth, lips and teeth must be as free as possible from any foreign substance.

"In tasting of the various brands I place only a drop on the most sensitive part of the tongue. I try to keep it away from the lips, mouth and teeth, but do not always succeed. Now to discriminate between twenty-five samples I must keep a clear head, concentrate my attention, and make, as it were, an instantaneous analysis. To do this faithfully requires brain work that book writers know nothing about. In fact, a day at honest, pains taking molasses tasting is a day of hard, I almost said, solitary labor."—Boston Herald.

False Alarm.

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball, and good naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two man servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket, and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing just how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had. "Why don't you go down to the engine house?" said the officer. "The men all know you."

So the old gentleman went to the engine house; but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman, in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this turmoil stood the mild mannered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say, in the mildest accents:

"I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.—Providence Journal.

Curious Chinese Customs.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question: "Won't you stay and dine with me, please?" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

When a Chinaman expects a present and it does not come he sends one of lesser value.

A rich man's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The perquisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter, which is the sole reason of these differences. To encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debt of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How a Cable Message Is Received.

Only the feeblest currents should be used on submarine lines, since heavy pulses which could be employed with impunity on land lines, if they did not soon destroy the cable covering, would at least tend to develop faults which otherwise might long remain latent. Defects in cable covering that otherwise may not lead to harm admit moisture, and hence, under the action of a strong current, oxides are quickly formed, destroying insulation. The necessary use in ocean telegraphy of the lightest currents has led to the development of a class of recording instruments remarkable for delicacy of action—notably the siphon recorder, which indicates the electric impulses by a wavy ink line on a tape, and the reflecting galvanometer, which causes a spot of light to move from right to left in a darkened room. With these recorders and thirty cells of battery, messages sent across the Atlantic are telegraphically reproduced in ink at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five words a minute, each way, the cable being duplexed. But for electrostatic induction a single cell of battery would suffice for transmission from the earth to the moon, if those bodies could be connected by a wire of the size used in ocean cables.—Charles L. Buckingham in Scribner.

Andrew Jackson's Dinner.

When Gen. Andrew Jackson visited Concord, N. H., after his presidential term had expired, he was entertained at Cass' hotel, at that time the leading hotel of the state. The proprietor, wishing to do honor to his distinguished guest, provided a banquet and arranged to serve it with considerable style. With the first course the general surprised the waiter by ordering crackers and milk, and refused all other dishes, much to the disgust of the proprietor. Cass' hotel was the great resort for stage drivers, and it was at this hotel Vice President Morton boarded when a young man and engaged as a clerk in the dry goods business. One of the leading merchants of Concord, now in active business, was a boarder at the hotel at that time and occupied a seat at the same table.—Boston Traveler.

The English Sparrow.

The sparrow is no trouble to farmers, for he is not a field bird. He prefers city life. His habit of making his home about the houses of men instead of in the trees and flelds is what has caused this mean and cowardly war on him. His preference for roofs and eaves on the houses of the city spoils the rain water, and this is the real and only reason why the sparrow is being killed for a bounty of three cents a head in Michigan. It's the city chaps and not the farmers who have inspired this war on the brave and trusting little bird that seeks his home among men and alone of all his tribe refuses to fly away before the blasts of winter.—Grand Rapids Leader.